MARVEL
2
SACKS
CHECCHETTO
MOSSA
OLD MAN
HAWKEYE
™

HAMMER HOMESTEAD, DES MOINES.

JEBEDIAH, WHAT IN TARNATION ARE YOU DOING? YOU SHOULD BE WASHING UP FOR DINNER! I SPENT ALL DAY ON THAT BRISKET!

FORGET THE DAMN BRISKET. FEED IT TO THE HOGS AND GET YOUR STUFF READY--

--WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE *NOW!*

WHAT IN THE NAME OF DOCTOR DOOM HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU, JEB? THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A CELEBRATION!

AIN'T NOTHIN' TO CELEBRATE-- THE WHOLE RUN WENT BAD. *REAL BAD.*

PLEASE, SUSANNAH, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE--

ENOUGH! WE GOT TWO BIG GROWN SONS STRONGER THAN OXEN TO PROTECT US IF ANYONE MESSES WITH THIS FAMILY.

DUMBER THAN OXEN, MORE LIKE--

--ELSE I WOULDN'T HAVE NEEDED THAT DAMN ARCHER.

NOOOOOOO!

CRASSHHH

APOLOGIES FOR THE MESS, MA'AM, BUT ON THE BRIGHT SIDE NOW THERE'S MORE OF THIS FINE BRISKET FOR THE REST OF US.

THE ONLY THING MISSING FROM THIS SCRUMPTIOUS MEAL IS SOME CONVERSATION.

SO, LET'S START CONVERSING.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, THE WORLD'S SUPER VILLAINS ORGANIZED UNDER THE RED SKULL AND COLLECTIVELY WIPED OUT NEARLY ALL OF THE SUPER HEROES. FEW SURVIVED THE CARNAGE THAT FATEFUL DAY, AND NONE OF THEM UNSCATHED. THE UNITED STATES WAS DIVIDED UP INTO TERRITORIES CONTROLLED BY THE VILLAINS, AND THE GOOD PEOPLE SURVIVE IN THESE WASTELANDS AS BEST THEY CAN. AMONG THEM LIVES A FORMER HERO WHO'S GIVEN UP ON THAT WAY OF LIFE. HE IS CLINT BARTON, BUT SOME KNOW HIM AS...

OLD MAN HAWKEYE

AN EYE FOR AN EYE PART 2

UNINVITED GUESTS

CLINT BARTON IS GOING BLIND. WITH THE SHARPSHOOTING SKILLS THAT MADE HIM THE HERO HAWKEYE QUICKLY EXPIRING, CLINT REALIZED THERE'S ONE LAST MISSION HE NEEDS TO GO ON BEFORE IT'S ALL OVER...

BEFORE HE SET OFF ON HIS NEW QUEST, CLINT KILLED MOST OF THE MADROX GANG WHEN THEY ATTACKED HIM DURING A PROTECTION JOB HE WAS RUNNING FOR JEBEDIAH HAMMER. UNBEKNOWNST TO THE AILING ARCHER, THE MADROX HE FAILED TO KILL HAS BONDED WITH THE VENOM SYMBIOTE—BOTH OF WHOM SEEK REVENGE.

AND CLINT'S ACTIONS HAVE NOT GONE UNNOTICED BY A PARTICULAR MARSHAL IN THE REGION...

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NOTE: THIS STORY TAKES PLACE FIVE YEARS BEFORE THE EVENTS OF THE ORIGINAL *OLD MAN LOGAN*.

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NOW, I REALIZE THIS IS TOUGH FOR YOU, BUT I COULDN'T ALLOW MEN TO STICK GUNS IN MY FACE--THAT'S NOT ACCEPTABLE MANNERS.

OHGOD OHGODOH GOD...!

WHO-- WHO ARE YOU? HOW THE HELL DID--

HUSH. SEE THIS *BADGE?* THAT MAKES *ME* THE ONE WHO GETS TO ASK THE QUESTIONS.

YOU GET TO SIT DOWN AND START ANSWERING--

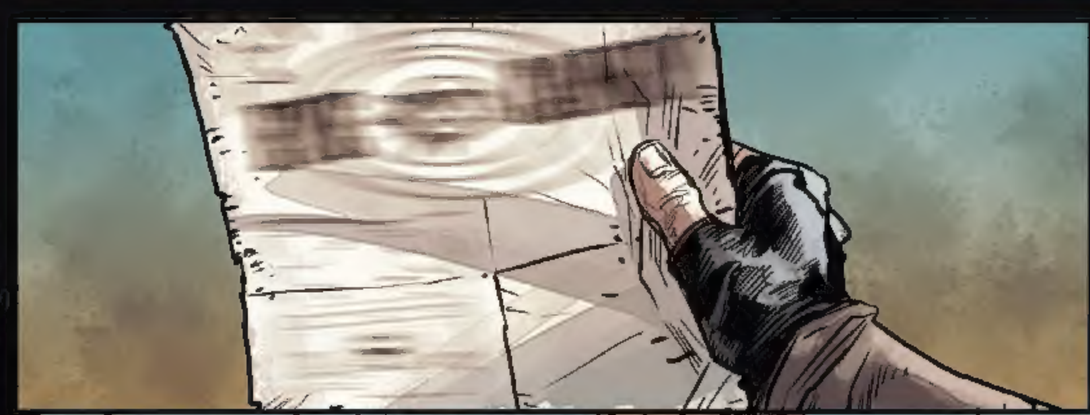
--AS IF WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL FAMILY'S LIFE DEPENDS ON THE QUALITY OF WHAT COMES OUT OF YOUR MOUTH.

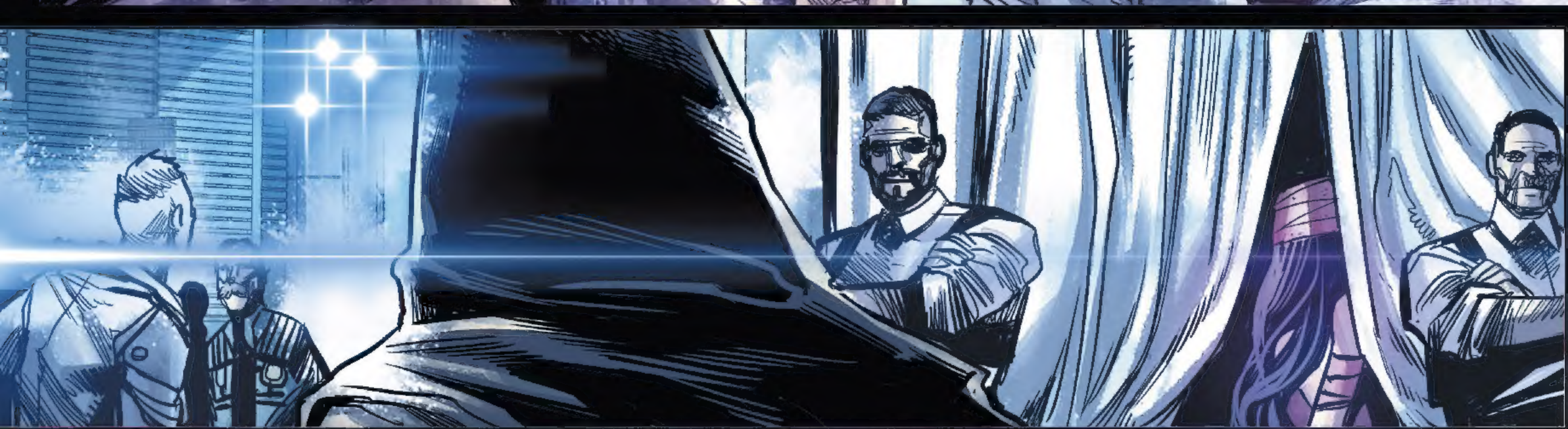
LET'S START WITH WHO EXACTLY TOOK DOWN THE WHOLE MADROX GANG.

NOW, IT SURE AS HELL WEREN'T YOU, SO START SPILLING ON THE MAN WHO DID...

"...AND *WHERE* I CAN FIND HIM."

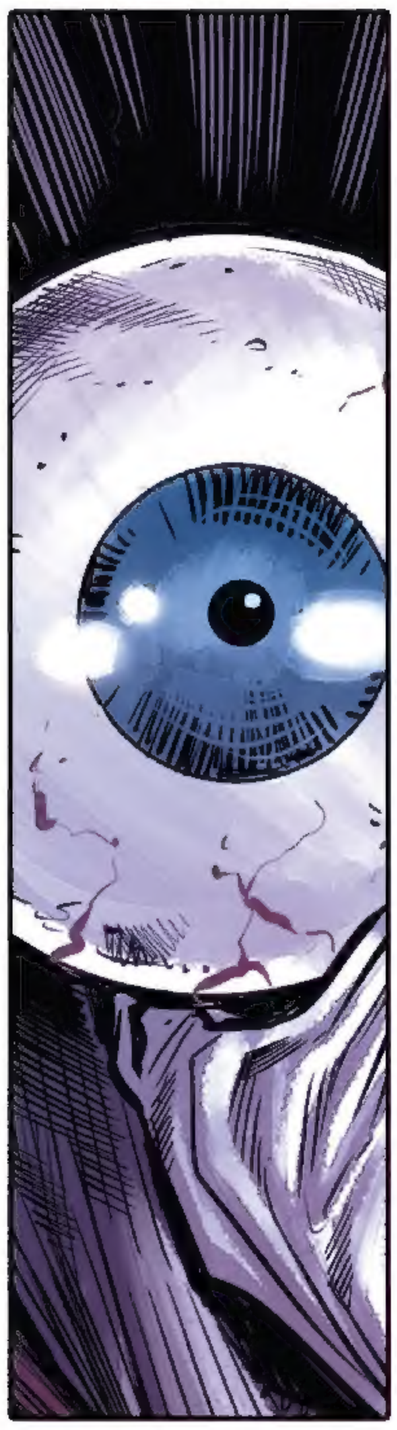
OUTSIDE HAMMER FALLS.

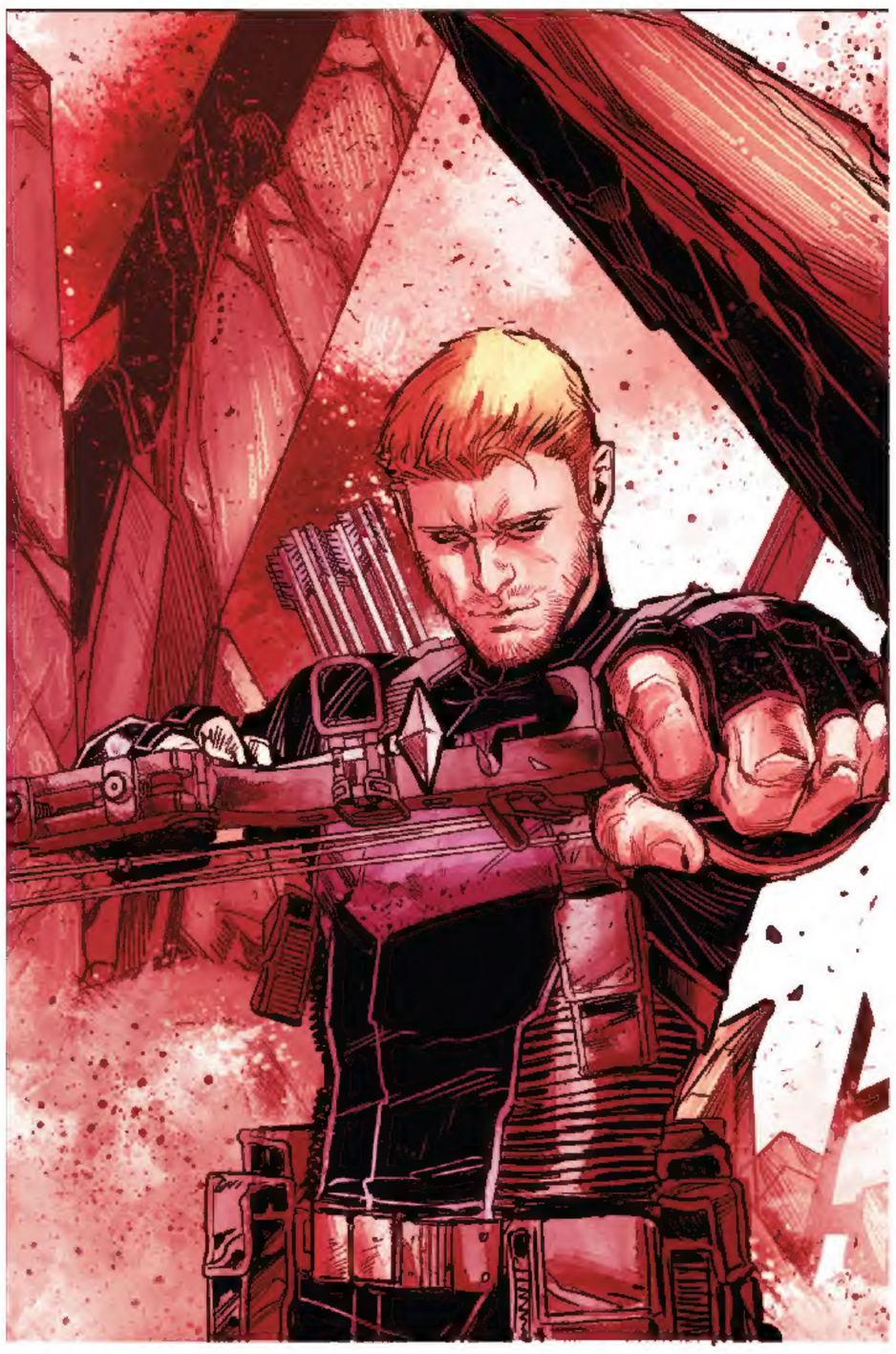




WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. ORB, YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU SEE? WE CAN GET THE DUDE PLAYING SUB-MARINER TODAY...IF THAT'S MORE YOUR FLAVOR.

NO... IT'S JUST... I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED SOMEONE...





OH, GOD! NO! GUARDS! GUARDS--

--KEEP THAT MAN AWAY FROM *ME!*

"HE WENT BY THE PROFESSIONAL NAME OF 'RONIN.'"

RONIN?

THAT'S WHAT THE BROKER WHO FIXED ME UP CALLED HIM.

NOW, PLEASE LET MY WIFE GO. SHE'S SUFFERED ENOUGH.

IS THAT GARLIC AND PAPRIKA I'M SENSING THAT MAKE THIS BRISKET SO GOOD?

I...WHAT... YES, GARLIC AND PAPRIKA... GARLIC AND PAPRIKA.

I KNEW IT!

OF COURSE, I CAN'T TASTE THAT GARLIC AND PAPRIKA. I REGISTER THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF THE MEAT, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT *TASTES* LIKE--

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I TASTED OR *FELT* ANYTHING.

MAKE NO MISTAKE, IF AND WHEN I KILL YOU AND YOUR WIFE, I WOULDN'T FEEL ONE BIT OF REMORSE.

I'D JUST SIT AND FINISH THE REST OF THIS BRISKET AFTER I'M DONE.

BUT THAT ARCHER...

HE'S SOMETHING ELSE. I RECKON I'LL FEEL SOMETHING WHEN I SEE THE LIFE DRAIN FROM HIS BODY.

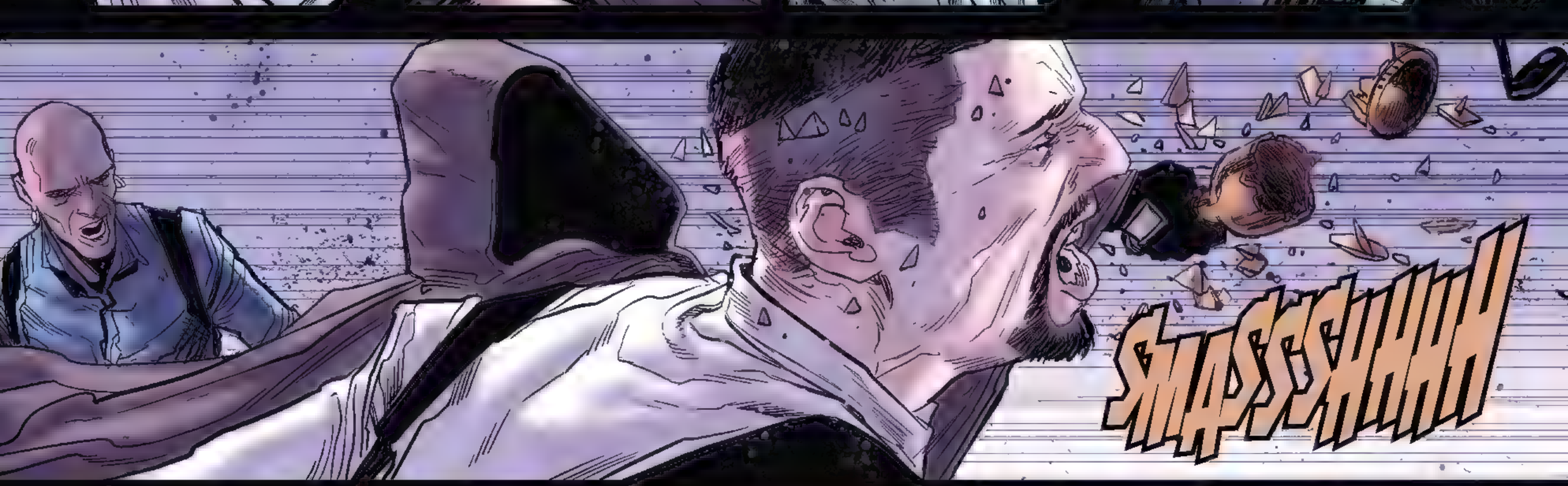
SO, POINT ME TO--

THE ONLY THING I'LL POINT AT YA IS THIS HERE GUN!
YOU COME INTO MY HOME! KILL MY SONS! THREATEN MY WIFE! WHO THE #$%$ DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO I AM?
GAAAHHH!
WELL, HERE'S MY CARD!
OHHHHH GODDDDD! NOOOO!
HRRKLL... GURKK...
NOW, SHUSH, JEBEDIAH, DON'T TRY TO TALK, IT'LL MAKE YOU BLEED OUT FASTER. YOUR TIME IS JUST ABOUT DONE, BUT YOUR LAST ACT CAN BE TO SAVE YOUR WIFE.
DIP YOUR FINGER IN YOUR BLOOD AND GET TO WRITING WHAT I WANT TO KNOW! JUST A CLUE.
WELL, NOW.
MS. HAMMER, YOUR HUSBAND CAME THROUGH AFTER ALL!
HAMMER FALLS

THE BOSS SEEMS TO HAVE A PROBLEM WITH YOU--
--WHICH MEANS YOU SEEM TO HAVE A PROBLEM WITH ME.

LUCKY FOR ME, I'M A PROBLEM SOLVER.
WHACKKK

HHHH-K-K-K-K


SMASSSHHHH

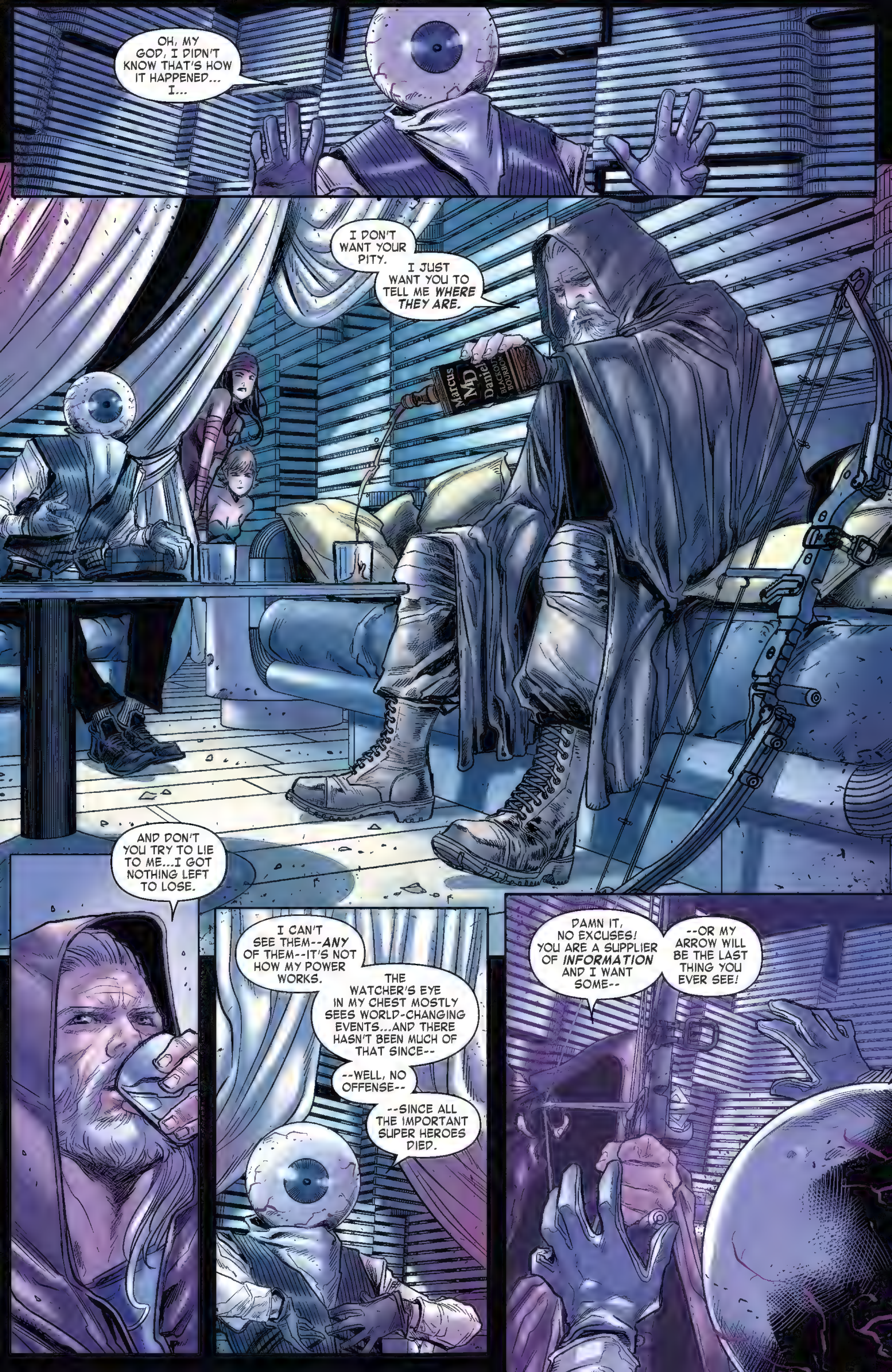
WELL, SERVICE HERE JUST ISN'T FRIENDLY AT ALL, IS IT?

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
YAARGGGHHHH!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
CRASHHH
THAT COULD HAVE GONE BETTER, BARTON!
FWIP
FWIP

THOK!
THOK!
SWISH
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
DAMN IT, BARTON! FOCUS!
TWANG TWANG
BLAM BLAM BLAM
THOK! THOK!
FWIP
THOK!

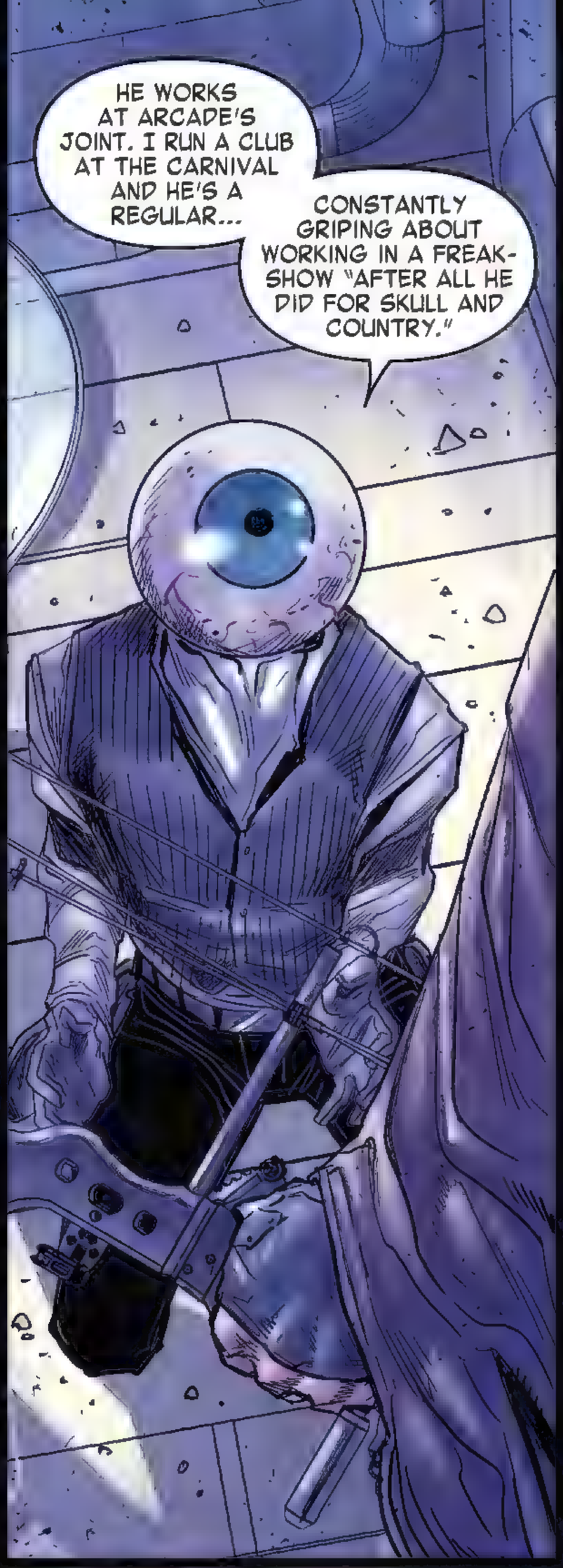
THE FIGHTING STOPPED! GO LOOK AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!
ME? YOU'RE THE GIANT EYEBALL WHO'S SUPPOSED TO SEE EVERYTHING!
DAMN IT, I PAY YOU GOOD MONEY TO--
UGGHH.
YA DON'T PAY ENOUGH FOR *THIS*. I QUIT!
DID YOU SEE *THAT ONE* COMING?

JUST KILL ME NOW...AND GET IT OVER WITH.
KILL YOU? NOW WHY ON EARTH WOULD I DO THAT?
WE KILLED OFF ALL THE *REAL* HEROES.


OH, MY GOD, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED... I...
I DON'T WANT YOUR PITY.
I JUST WANT YOU TO TELL ME *WHERE THEY ARE.*
Marcus Mc Daniel BLACKOUT BOURBON
AND DON'T YOU TRY TO LIE TO ME...I GOT NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE.
I CAN'T SEE THEM--*ANY* OF THEM--IT'S NOT HOW MY POWER WORKS.
THE WATCHER'S EYE IN MY CHEST MOSTLY SEES WORLD-CHANGING EVENTS...AND THERE HASN'T BEEN MUCH OF THAT SINCE--
--WELL, NO OFFENSE--
--SINCE ALL THE IMPORTANT SUPER HEROES DIED.
DAMN IT, NO EXCUSES! YOU ARE A SUPPLIER OF *INFORMATION* AND I WANT SOME--
--OR MY ARROW WILL BE THE LAST THING YOU EVER SEE!

WAIT, WAIT!
ONE OF THEM COMES AROUND HERE. THE BIG MAN.

THE BIG MAN?


HE WORKS AT ARCADE'S JOINT. I RUN A CLUB AT THE CARNIVAL AND HE'S A REGULAR...
CONSTANTLY GRIPING ABOUT WORKING IN A FREAK-SHOW "AFTER ALL HE DID FOR SKULL AND COUNTRY."

FOR THE BOURBON.

ARE YOU OKAY, BOSS?
OH, I'M FINE...BUT THAT IDIOT ISN'T. DOESN'T TAKE A WATCHER'S EYE...

"...TO SEE HE'S IN WAY OVER HIS HEAD."

TONYA'S GARAGE, HAMMER FALLS.

YOU SOME KIND OF PERVERT? STARING AT MY HOME ALL THIS TIME?

WOW, YOU GOT SOME KIND OF MOUTH ON YOU, LITTLE GIRL.

I AIN'T HERE FOR YOU. YOU GOT A DADDY AT HOME?

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, I AIN'T GOT NO DADDY...AND I SURE WOULD NEVER CALL HIM ANYTHING THAT POLITE.

WELL, I DON'T INTEND TO BE POLITE TO HIM, EITHER.

DON'T SUPPOSE HE'S HOME?

THIS AIN'T HIS HOME. COMES AROUND ONCE EVERY FEW YEARS WHEN HE FEELS GUILTY ABOUT KNOCKING UP MY MOTHER.

H HEART RATE SLOW. NO EVIDENCE OF LYING

12 UNREAD MESSAGES FROM RED SKULL... DELETE ALL.

YOU WOULDN'T BE LYING TO ME NOW, MY LITTLE DARLING?

FIRST OF ALL, I AIN'T YOUR LITTLE ANYTHING.

SECOND, YOU AIN'T THE FIRST MAN TO STICK A KNIFE IN MY FACE--

--AND THAT DIDN'T END WELL FOR HIM.

WELL, WELL...

WELL, THIS SURE LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.
ARCADE'S MURDERWORLD. NEVADA.
OVER 3 MILLION SERVED!
OVER 2 MILLION SEVERED!
SEE THE WORLD'S TALLEST MAN
RICK ON SOMETHING HAS OWN SITE!

AH, JEB, WHAT DID YOU DO?
IT WASN'T MUCH OF A LIFE, BUT IT WAS SOMETHING.
I WOULD'VE BEEN OKAY WITHOUT THE EXTRA MONEY FROM THE SMUGGLING. IT WAS OKAY JUST BEING US.
BRAINS STILL WARM IN THOSE BODIES. I CAN SSSMELL THEM. CAN I HAVE JUSSSST A BITE? SOOOO HUNGRY...
PLEASSSSE IGNORE MY BROTHER'S RUDENESSSS--
JUST A LITTLE BITE!
HUSSSH NOW. THE LADY WAS ABOUT TO TELL US WHERE WE CAN FIND THE MAN WITH THE BOW AND ARROWS!
TO BE CONTINUED!

SEND YOUR NOTES ACROSS THE WASTELANDS TO MHEROES@MARVEL.COM
— AND BE SURE TO MARK THEM "OKAY TO PRINT"!

ZONE